

Court gives
schools power
of censorship
over students

SPELUNKING Should be a High School SPORT



SPELUNKING ISSUE

FEB. 1988

All entries by Jay Litchfield

*except "Death in the eyes of the Beholder", by Dave Ernsberger

*NEWSWEEK, by Matt Payne

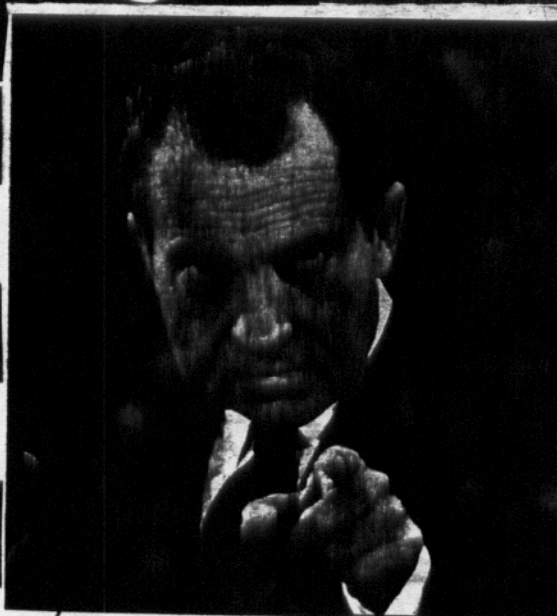
SPECIAL THANKS TO:

DEDICATED TO

All those who respect and/or enjoy
something a little different

- DAVE ERNSBERGER, DAVE SHERMAN, FRANK PIMENTAL, AND PETE GAGNON FOR THEIR COLLABORATION ON THE "JESUS CLOCK" AFTER RELIGION CLASS IN SPRING, 1987.
- THE PROVIDENCE JOURNAL, NEWSWEEK, THE SUN, AND THE RELIGION TEXTBOOK DECIDING FOR THE HEADLINES AND PICTURES
- JELLO BIAFRA, FOR CREATIVE INSPIRATION

Uncle \$cam wants YOU!



HELP!

DEATH IN THE EYES OF THE BEHOLDER

A short story by Dave Ernsberger

It is happening again.

The left side of my body is numb. There's that stove again. It's always here when this happens. My skin burns and bubbles when I touch it, but I cannot feel it. Off to the left...or is it right?...I see a large glass case. Inside is a tank labeled OXYGEN. A huge, rusty padlock keeps me from it, though. I know that. I also need the oxygen. I have been here before.

What's that? I hear the drums. The beat is not steady. Unfortunately, I can dance to it. I only wish I could feel my feet. There's my alarm clock, floating in front of me. What time is it? It is 14:25 pm. The alarm is set for 15:02. Time sure does fly here, it's already 14:27.

I hear an engine...a Cadillac engine. It's the hearse--the black hearse--again. Once, long ago, it was white. That time is gone now, so here is the black hearse. I can't quite make out the driver. I never can. It's stopping right next to me. I can't see in the windows. Maybe it's just as well.

In the sky I see a huge neon sign. It says OPEN in flashing letters that change colors on every flash. I've seen the colors before, but no one else has. Oh, no! The mirror--here comes the mirror!! When I look in it I see something so awful, I KNOW it can't be me. Deep inside, though, I know it is. I don't know why. The mirror is floating in front of me now. The first horror to catch my eye is the enormous number of maggots squirming on my face. I scream. Some fall off, others regurgitate green gook. Some are fat. Others have faces of people who hate me, but just for a second... then they regain their "normal" maggot faces. The mirror shatters. I am sprayed with shards of broken glass that pierce my skin in countless places. My body seems to be on fire with pain, but it is not. I can't feel anything.

I look down at my hands. I know what I'll see. My skin is peeling from them like dried glue from a little boy's hands. Pus and blood gush from them. The drum beat is erratic--a cacophony of lubs and dubs. I disco with lights in my head.

I hear a door opening. It is the hearse. The driver stands and walks to the end of the vehicle. I find myself there with him in an instant.

(14:54)

My alarm will go off in a while.

The rear of the hearse opens slowly. A musty stench exists with a cloud of dense mist. A wooden coffin ejects silently from the plush interior. It is broken and splintered.

(15:01)

Good. This is where it usually ends. The clock hangs, suspended by unseen cobwebs.

(this is where it usually ends right? right?)

The clock begins to pulse and bubble before my eyes. It bends and folds until it finally becomes an amorphous blob. I blink. The clock is back to normal.

(15:03---15:04---15:15---16:09---4392709-----0)

Oh, God. I didn't hear my alarm go off.

The numbers spin into infinity, finally becoming nothing more than blurs of blood red. The drums stop.

The lid on the coffin slams upward, and I strain my neck trying not to look down. My gaze turns accidentally to the driver. He pulls off his cap and reveals his head. It is nothing but a skull with two black holes for eyes and rotting stumps of brown stuff for teeth. The

mouth opens and utters a laugh-cackle which screams a million tortured screams. The driver points into the coffin.

Inside I see myself.

I open my mouth to scream, but no sound comes out. The corpse-driver reaches into the hearse and grabs his scythe. He slashes my chest...my heart oozes forth, into his waiting hand.

Now I understand.

My heart crawls with maggots, huge flies, and other creatures I will never know. My body goes limp. I look up. The neon sign is still flashing OPEN. That's good. I was beginning to get nervous.

Everything disappears, and brilliance fills my being. New understanding floods my essence, and I realize that my scare is over. I move towards the sign.

I've always wanted to fly.

But there's a little voice inside my head that speaks to me and says that there's no flying where I'm really going, and did I think that I would be so lucky as to be able to attain the great security given by the Sign?

NEVEROHNONOTYOUYOUBADBADBOYNAUGHTYBOYYOUDESERVEAWHIPINANDABEATIN

Who's that talking? It's my old teacher Miss Helonground. She was always the one who hit me when I was bad and told me that bad little boys always went to Hell. She's here now, tugging at my legs, trying to take me with her. I kick and try to hit her face, but every time I connect she keeps coming back. Her face is bloody, her nose breaks time and time again.

I hear a roar.

(roar)

No, a BIG roar.

(RRRRROOOOAAARR!!)

Miss Helground leaves me, but takes my left foot with her. Again, I find myself screaming and I fall back to what ground I stood on before. As I look up I notice the Sign now reads CLOSED and it blinks out of existence.

An explosion rips through the ground, and it cracks right underneath my feet. Fire and smoke pour upward, and I see ghost-like forms wisp away. Each one tells me the story of their downfall resulting in their present miserable existence---one tells me of suicide, one of murder, one of rape, one of blasphemy, adultery, hate, cheating, stealing...the sins of the world enter my ears. Forms appear before me, a tortured SS Guard, a blistered Senator, a raving priest...a million corrupt individuals who have been condemned to live with the faults of their lives in a place where they cannot escape the reality of what they have done.

A funnel of wind appears on the horizon. The tornado siphons up the spirits like a vacuum does lint. The hearse, which has not left, rocks on its wheels and suddenly lurches towards the funnel. My feet are rooted to the spot, and I cannot evade it. I enter the tornado.

I feel myself moving downward, and all is black.

I am hit from every side by countless...things. Slimy, hard, soft, wet, coarse...they hit my face, my stomach, my back, my head...I lose all strength and allow myself to be beaten.

I land as if I fell from a 50 story building. I hear my spine shatter, and worse, I feel it. I open my eyes, and see red walls, red ceiling, red doors all in a big room. I am lifted by an unseen force, my splintered backbone screams. A shovel is thrust in my face. A whip cracks on my neck. I fall. Spiked heels trample on my head. My mind(!:??!?) wants to lose consciousness, but it won't happen.

I will live with this forever.

I am forced up again and led to a hole. The hole is bottomless, but I am instructed to finish digging it. I look up.

I see a figure, a black shadow with a horned head and a spiked tail looming hundreds of feet up. Lightning flashes, and as the thunder crashes I glimpse the face.

The face is my alarm clock.

I realize now that there has always been evil and that "good" is just a joke played on the human race by the evil really governing our existence.

I wonder what will become of the rest of the world as I set about my work.

I will ponder just one question for the rest of my life(!?!) and when I get the answer I will escape from here and warn everyone:

who wound the clock?

CONSUMER TIP

* The Army boasts itself as the largest business in the United States (bigger than IBM, they say).

* In which case, killing people is a major industry.

* War is the Army's product.

* DON'T BUY IT.

Why can't Ronnie
JUST SAY NO??!

Seal Slayers should die

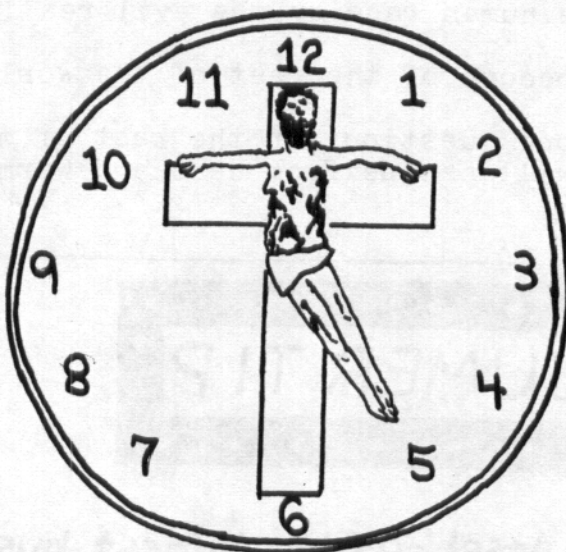


—AP PHOTO

THE KILL: A white Harp seal baby is about to be clubbed to death for its fur.

IS THIS ELEGANCE?

FREE CROWN OF
THORNS IF YOU ORDER
TODAY



A must for hip churches
and right-wing
religious fanatics!

>> only \$66.60 <<

Yes!! It's finally here... Straight from the Bible
Belt's "Prophets for Profit" organization...

THE JESUS CLOCK

Keeps absolute time!

And check out these neat features:

- A TRUE-TO-LIFE MANGLED TORSO that moves up and down every second to avoid asphyxiation ... SCIENTIFIC!!
- A groan every hour! Why have wimpy "ding dong" bells when you can have shocking moans of pain?!?
- Every seven hours the clock says, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do"... TEAR-JERKING!

ALSO AVAILABLE Our special LIFE SIZE model ... Carry it on your back along a path of palms when you bring it out to the car ... REALISTIC!

IN THE WORKS Our super FLOGGING MODEL ... The second hand is a whip!!

ENDORSED BY JERRY FALWELL (it must be good!)

STILBORN

IT'S ALMOST TIME NOW
BID FAREWELL TO MY WARM JAIL CELL
I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ALREADY
I'M EAGER TO LIVE AND LEARN
SOUNDS OF LAUGHTER
PENETRATING FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD
EXCITEMENT FILLS THE AIR
(ACTUALLY, THE OOZING LIQUID)
IT'S TIME TO GO NOW
I SEE A RADIANT LIGHT
AND BEGIN TO SMILE
A SMILE WHICH TURNS TO A BLANK STARE
AND A BLANK STARE WHICH TURNS

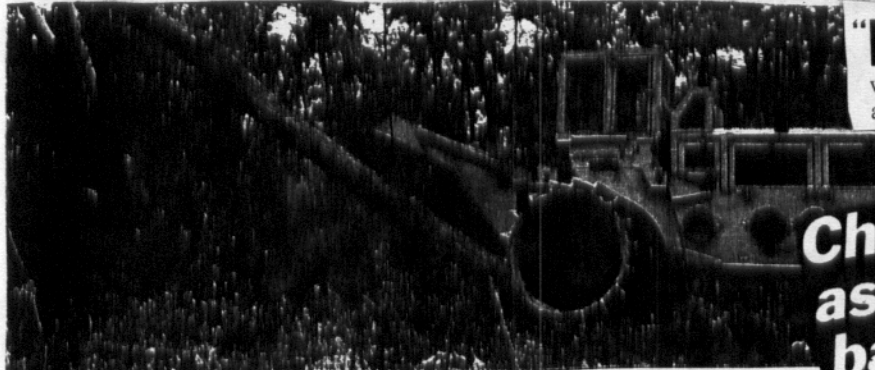
INTO A DISTORTED EXPRESSION OF ANGST
FOR I HAVE JUST SEEN
THROUGH THE EYES OF A MILLION SOULS
AND WITNESSED THE PAIN
I SEE THE DENSE FOG
DRAPING OVER THE FACELESS LAND
AS GAZING EYES THREATEN ME
IT'S MY DECISION NOW
AND I WONDER WHAT LAUGHTER REALLY IS
AS I SEE THE YOUNG MAN
TRAPPED IN HIS LOVELY APARTMENT
WHO MOVES HIS HAND PAST
THE TEAR-STAINED SOFA CUSHIONS
AND REACHES FOR THAT HEAVY GUN
IT'S MY DECISION NOW
I HOLD MY BREATH AND NEVER EVEN FEEL
THE DOCTOR'S SLAP...

Crappy New Year

IT'S A CRAPPY NEW YEAR
NOTHING'S CHANGED
I READ THE PAPERS
SAME OLD STORIES, SAME OLD LIES
SAME OLD BROKEN DREAMS
I DON'T NEED FIREWORKS
TO LIGHT UP THE SKY
AND REMIND ME THAT
ANOTHER YEAR FLEW BY
IN WHAT SEEMS LIKE A MINUTE
I DON'T NEED PEOPLE
TO PUT ON A FAKE SMILE
AND WISH ME A HAPPY NEW YEAR
THEY DON'T REALLY CARE
WHEN THE SPECTACLE'S OVER
THEY'LL GO BACK

BACK TO THE CHEATING, THE LYING
THEIR TRUE SELVES
PEOPLE USE THE NEW YEAR
AS AN EXCUSE
TO THINK THAT MAYBE
THINGS AREN'T THAT BAD
THAT WE WILL DO BETTER NEXT YEAR
BECAUSE IN REALITY
NOTHING EVER CHANGED
AND NOTHING EVER WILL
UNTIL WE CHANGE
SO HAVE A CRAPPY NEW YEAR
THEN MAYBE YOU'LL OPEN YOUR EYES

Tribe kills rainmaker for creating hailstorm



Getting ready for a firestorm: A 'tree crusher' paves the way for napalm in Texas

"If I had to start all over again today, it would be a lot tougher—now it's all image and leather underwear."
Singer **BONNIE RAITT**



Chimp dressed as midget robs bank of big \$\$

Blind man holds plane hostage

An Inherent Right to Exist
endangered species

Station targeted for airing R-rated movie

Talk about a phantom jet. The Stealth F-19 fighter is so secret that the Pentagon, which commissioned it, denies it exists. Lockheed, which built it, won't speak of

it. And Congress, which has shelled out billions for its development and production, isn't quite sure what it's bought. But the secrets of the F-19 haven't eluded U.S. commercial enterprise. Any one with \$9.50, a tube of glue and skillful hands can have a replica.

Drug tests

You Decide

Let the Wars Begin!

Foot-long roaches terrorize tenants



Man meets female self through a dating service

Life and death issue

Boy, THAT WAS A GREAT PARTY...



Second Holocaust

Company Business?



Reagan: bombing homeless his 'ultimate goal'

quotes!

"TO ME, THAT'S THE way a great rock and roll concert should be; a place where everyone comes together, a place where there is no unnecessary separation. Maybe that's the dream of all art; to break down the barriers and the divisions between people and touch upon the things that matter the most to us all." BONO(U2)

"WE'VE got to rise above the need for cops and laws"
Jello Biafra (Dead Kennedys)

"Midget locked in filing cabinet over weekend" WEEKLY WORLD NEWS

"You could read it if you want; but frankly, I don't give a damn"
MR. GUEVREMONT (English teacher at Mount St. Charles) on reading Gone With the Wind.

"I don't care what the white men say, Santa Claus is a black man, hey!"
Freddy (Boom Boom) Washington (Welcome Back Kotter)

"It's a strange world, isn't it?"
Kyle McKlathon (Blue Velvet)

"Some people lift weights to make their arms look bigger. I go to a funhouse."
Pete Brandt

"Despite millions of dollars in research, death continues to be our nation's number one killer." Kentucky Fried Movie

These are just a few from my quote book that I started in May, 1987. So far I have over 460 quotes, just waiting to be typed and published

STAY TUNED...

Newsweek

